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A Book of Poems.

The
Golden Rod.

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The Golden Rod.





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A Book of Poems.

The Golden Rod,

By

Delia Harrison Brown.

St. Louis



17327

This Book of Poems is dedicated to the soldiers of the late war, both North and South.

Two of the best Poets in St. Louis, pronounce it splendid.

Yours truly,

CAPT. BROWN.



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Autumn.

When the golden leaves of Autumn
Sink beneath a stormy sky,
And the stream of rippling water
Gushes forth her farewell song,
And the birds that used to warble
In the tall and shady trees,
Now lie scattered through the garden—
Leaves of golden and of brown,
Over forest, down the valley,
Everywhere that Autumn dwells,
Faded and forlorn, are scattered,
Leaves of golden and of brown.
And the golden fields of Autumn,
Laden with the yellow corn,
From the soil of careful culture,
Sown in days of Summer past.
Now the farmer reaps his harvest,
'Neath the fadeless Autumn tree.
And his children love to gather
Leaves of golden and of brown.

A Sqa Voyage.

The golden sun is sinking
Beyond the western sky,
And, as I watch and listen,
A ship comes sailing by.

I hear the captain's laughter,
While cheering on his men,
For a sailor's life, you remember,
Is more than we can tell.

In storms they are the leaders
To climb the rugged sails,
The first to cast the anchor,
Where ere they go astray.

Though they are used to sea-life,
Are brave as brave can be,
Nor never shrink from danger,
When the tossing waves begin.

Oh when they reach a harbor,
Their hearts are full of joy.
For days and days they journey,
Out on the rolling sea.

Again, when they are sailing
Upon the great blue sea,
Behold a spot of sea-weeds
Blooming there beneath.

Behold the sea in darkness.
No mind can comprehend
Its waters, gleaming with fishes,
Shining in the sea below.

What wonders they see,
As they sail along,
Mermaids of every shape,
Who appear for a while,
And then sink down
Beneath the silver wave.

The whale, of which a monster strong
Dives deep beneath the sea,
Who appears for a while near the distant shore,
Ready to grasp the whole.

The sailors searched for the sharp harpoon
And thrust it into his side,
While the bleeding monster dived with pain
Beneath the bloody wave.

—♦—

Action of the Heart.

How the stream of rushing red
Flows along its weary way,
Through the channel that nature holds,
Through the warm and tender heart.
Toward the right a darker stream,
The left of which a crimson red,
While through the pipes so very small,
She enters again to the tender heart.
All through the night, this sleepless heart,
Stores the life within her walls,
And when the morning's sun appears,
Like a clock, is beating still.
But how that throbbing heart of man
Pleads within when Death is near.
Year after year it ever beats,
At last to cease within the breast.

Burning of the Stonewall.

It was midnight on the river,
And a cry was on the deep,
From the captain's voice so thrilling,
As he stood upon the deck,

And the flames swept o'er that palace,
From the water's silvery edge,
Like a storm of fire and thunder,
Blazing from the depths below.

Soon the cry of voices echoed,
Through that solemn midnight air
"Shall we perish, shall we perish,
Midst the stonewall's burning flame?"

"No." said one among the dying,
"God may save us at His will."
But the flames swept on the faster,
And the skies seemed brighter still.

Still the river's silvery waters
Flowed around that crimson deck,
While the moon gazed down from heaven
On the suffering lost below.

And no more that captain's clatter
Could be heard upon the deck,
While the cry of voices calling,
Sinking, dying in the stream.

Yet she sailed in wondrous beauty,
Glided in a sweeping flame,
Through the stillness of a midnight.
Precious souls were seen no more.

And when the sun shone forth so bright,
In the morning's autumn breeze.
Behold that sad, disastrous Stonewall,
Lost forever in the flames.

A Mischievous Babe.

Of all the pictures that hang on the wall,
Is one to remember—the baby, of all,
With plump rosy cheeks and soft, bright eyes ;
With two little feet that creep around.

He's placed on the carpet so pretty and gay,
Without a soul to watch him at play,
For mother has left the room for a while,
To see to the dinner about on the fire.

First thing he spies is a lovely gold watch.
Which some one has left in mistake on the chair ;
And right to the spot without a bad fall.
He goes for the watch with his two little hands.

What wonders he sees, when opening the case,
Two little hands just as busy as his ;
And tossing the chain about in the air,
Rubs it together with his two white hands.

Soon he grows tired of the pretty gold watch ;
Then off he goes for the rubber ball,
Tossing it up in a merry glee,
Looking to see if there is any one near.

A Soldier's March.

All beside a rocky cliff,
I saw the troops arrayed,
I saw the gleaming helmet lance,
The beautiful parade.

Gallantly the soldiers tread,
Beneath the soft blue sky,
They charged their arms and sounded drums,
The captain at their side.

Then over plains and valleys green,
They marched in quiet step,
Till darkness hid away their plumes,
And hushed each noisy cry.

Oh when the morning's golden sun,
Beamed o'er those fragrant hills,
Those fair young men of beauty strayed
To regions far away.

Their shining swords were ever seen,
In sculpture's clothes, to kill.
They charged their arms as warriors do,
And wrought each noble deed.

Through dark ravines and misty caves,
These brave young troops were led :
Till triumph in her beauty shone,
And signaled in the skies.

Then let me be a soldier brave,
And march to conquer lands,
And swell the loud triumphant phrase,
"Oh victory, give me thine."

Christmas Eve.

'Twas Christmas eve,
When little Sue
Wished so much
For something new.
So many days
Now passed away
Before her Christmas
Joys to see.

Her mother had been
Called that day
To Lady Morris',
By the way,
Arranging for old
Santa Claus,
That he must come
Without delay.

So Fred and Sue
Were placed in bed,
Each little heart
So tired of play.
Their stockings hung
Near the mantel below,
And the two little tots
Were fast asleep.

"How nice," said mamma,
As she opened the door,
To find her little children
Wrapt snugly and warm,

While the jingling of bells
And whistles, too,
Gave tidings of Christmas?
Good will to all.

Click, click, came old
Santa, from the far
Chimney top,
With his long white beard
And an old fur cloak,
Not a moment to spare,
So many little folks,
And was off on
His journey through
The bounding snow.

Now the stockings were filled
Of the two little ones,
With candies and nuts,
And five sugar plums.
A doll for Miss Susan,
A sleigh for young Fred,
A great tree in splendor,
Stood waiting ahead.

And the long hours of night
Crept faster toward day,
While the snow was yet falling
In flakes through the air.
The ground was all covered,
For it was fair Christmas day,
And the two merry children
Rose early from bed.

"Oh! mamma," they cried,
As she entered the door.
"Just see!" said little Fred,
"What Santa has brought!
A doll for Susan, a sleigh for I,
And lots of candies and nuts beside."

“Then what do you say
To good Santa Claus,
Who never forgets his dear little boys,
So anxious to see
His little ones bright,
With toys and candies
And everything nice?”

“Oh thanks,” said little Susan,
And also Fred
“We promise, dear ma, by another year,
To be better children
Than we were last year.”

“Be sure,” said mamma,
“That you do not forget,
For when you’re not thinking,
You say, ‘I don’t care’;
Remember that Santa
Can hear every word,
And the next Christmas morning
May get nothing more.”

So, kissing each little one,
With hearts of content,
She left them alone,
While seated at play.
And the first one she heard
Was proud little Fred,
Who was teasing his sister
And pulling her hair.

Disappointment.

Where do thou comest,
Oh sad disappointment;
Hast thou whirled through the shadowy night,
And placed thyself in man's only heart,
To rob it of joy and of peace?

Yea, through the brightest of clouds I sail,
From the far distant hills away;
Just on the eave of joy and love,
I spread my mantle between.

When kindly thoughts
Have planned a new road,
I come as a lion to devour
The new inventions, the new intentions,
Destroyed in a moment them all.

What graves have been opened,
Her coming to bear;
'Mid skies of its brightest day,
And turned gladness into sadness;
By the sorrow she brought to man.

What warning she gives,
In midnight alone,
When darkness has settled her flight;
She appears in a dream
To the ones that think not,
And tells them of danger beyond.

When love in her majesty
Has thought of so long;
To win the fairest of all,
Then in a moment, that sad disappointment,
Like an arrow she casteth away.

Then why dost thou moan
For thy sad disappointment;
Hast thou not seen, in the days of old,
That when love abounded;
Like the dew of the morning,
She stole the rare treasure away.

Comfort Abroad.

Cast your eyes upon the water,
Where the ship sails stately on,
Where the God of heaven watches,
On the wanderer far away.
None forgotten, none forsaken,
By the eyes of Him who rules;
Over stars, through countless ages,
Always watching from above.
In the brightest, in the darkest,
When the waves are dashing high,
Though our hearts be often troubled,
He's around us everywhere.
Often when our friends deceive us,
And perhaps the dearest one,
Yet we have a comfort dearer,
That the Lord is with us still.
Let our fears and doubt be broken
When we're sailing far abroad;
Or when danger cometh nearer,
For He's with us everywhere.

Darkness on Sea.

Dark, dark, dark!
Beneath thy cold, grey sky,
There is not a star to be seen this night,
To shed her silver beams.

Cold, cold, cold!
On the beautiful waters of sea,
Our little ship sails sprightly on,
Beneath the starless sky.

Dark, dark, dark!
No beautiful moon to-night.
She has hidden herself away in a cloud,
While our ship sails lonely on.

Dark, dark, dark!
A fog has gathered at morn,
While the cold grey mists hang heavy below,
And the sound of the tide floated near.

Dark, dark, dark!
How the rain begins to pour
Faster and faster the drops beat down
Against the rugged sails.

The whistling wind blows, too,
Amid the drizzling rain,
And they together dance and sing,
Throughout the weary night.

Day after day, sometimes,
The darkness has covered the sea,
With only the lighthouse, a faithful guide,
While we sailed so lonely on sea.

Cheerfulness.

Sweet is the day of toil,
When into the vineyard we go.
Striving with every foe,
Without a word of despair.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
When the evening shadows have past,
To behold our minds in fairyland,
Dreaming the hours away.

Sweet is the hour of prayer ;
When to Thee we kneel for aid,
From worldly cares our senses teach
We should be near Thy hand.

Sweet is the time for praise,
When hearts no joy can tell,
Of Him who saved us from all sin,
And wipe away each fear.

Evening.

Oh how pleasant is the evening,
When the sunset day is past,
And the breezes from the waters,
Fan across the fevered brow.

See the clouds so bright above us.
In their azure robe of night ;
While the evening star appeareth
In the distant sky above.

See the flowers on the hillside,
In their little beds so low,
While their heads with dew are sparkling,
In the twilight shade so cool.
How the children love to wander,
Up and down the shady dell,
Looking for the clover blossoms,
In the beautiful evening shade.
So the evening and the morning
Are the queens of all the day,
But the evening is the happiest
Of a Summer's sultry reign.

Description of a Storm.

They gazed on every side,
And lifted their eyes toward heaven,
For every hope was buried deep
Before the storm appeared.
Great branches were shivered down
From some of the tallest trees,
While the smaller herbs were stripped
From their very roots below.
The waters whirled into eddies,
Out of the flowing rills;
The birds that flew from a quiet nest,
Sought shelter beneath the rocks.
The heavens were now thrown open,
Amid the thunder afar;
Like a far and distant canon,
It sounded through the land.

In a moment all was calm,
Dead silence now remained,
And lo the sound of thunder
And the lightning gleamed afar.

Not a single sound was heard,
Save the splashing of the wave.
Along she beat with tremendous force;
Against a rocky shore.

Again the darkness appeared,
And the heavens now seemed afire,
Or blazed afar with celestial light,
Flashing from side to side.

Soon beast and rider were numbed,
From the gushing rain that poured.
And the blinded beast in terror sank,
Beneath that dreadful storm.

In a moment a terrific noise,
They knew not what.
A vibration shook them,
And every terror sank.

It seemed as a mighty mount,
Unable to suspend,
Its weight of waters of the earth;
And shook with fearful peal.

The great grey peak,
Tottered as it stood;
It shook, it fell,
Buried in its ruins
The castle and village.

Eternity.

Eternity, whose endless name,
Forever thou shalt reign,
Above the skies, beneath the earth,
Through everlasting bliss.

Eternity, a long farewell
To earth's cold, troubled sea,
Where death prevails in silence dread,
Beyond thy steps afar.

Eternity, what sayest thou,
Of millions passed away?
Have they crept into thy fold,
Where the fields of Eden lie?

Have they reached that peaceful wave,
Where sorrow can never roll,
And where the sky is always bright,
And tears are washed away?

Nay, some have passed in sands of time,
Through shadows of death below,
Through endless days of sin and woe,
They could have reached the shore.

But through the paths of sin they trod;
They never looked to God,
Till death's cold, threatening wave had crossed
And led their spirits on.

Then, oh Eternity, thy peaceful shore,
Prepared by Him alone,
Shall lead His children by the hand
Into thy precious fold.

Fleeing for Refuge.

“We must flee,” said Eliza,
As she grasped her only son.
“We must flee for our Creator’s sake ;
Where refuge might be found.”

The child awoke from a morning nap,
And rubbed his dreamy eyes,
He knew that something must be wrong.
By the tears in his mother’s eyes.

She said, “I must not linger long,
For fear I shall be caught,
And have my boy, my only boy !
Be captured for a slave.”

“That”—and she murmured low,
“God save my infant son ;
The grave may open, if it be Thy will,
Instead of a miserable slave.”

And as she held him in her arms.
She stopped to bid adieu
To the little farm once dear to her,
A mistress kind and true.

So, holding a bundle and child in arms,
She made for the opening fields,
And flew like a bird in rapid speed.
Never stopping a moment to breathe.

It was early morn before the sun
Had shed her golden beams,
Yet the chirping birds were ever seen
In the lofty trees so gay.

Slowly in step she crossed a path,
Which led to another road ;
And over the hills and meadows green,
She crossed a silver stream.

She heard the shout for a mile away
Of the trader's voice so strong.
The negroes whooping in the distant fields,
Aroused her every nerve.

"Hush, hush, you naughty child,
Don't you know that our master is near?
Heaven only knows what I shall do
If I should thus be caught."

So, hastening her step o'er the little bridge,
She felt almost assured
That God had answered her fervent prayer,
In the hour when death seemed nigh.

For the trader's voice could not be heard ;
That whooping noise had ceased,
And now the sun looked forth so bright,
From the beautiful sky above.

Oh ! how I long to reach that land
Where refuge might be found.
But, looking up, behold a sight,
A river of floating ice.

Yet never a fear from that brave heart,
Though the ice was floating fast.
She leaped across o'er the fearful tide,
Without a single fall.

She almost fainted when at last arrived
To a little Quaker inn,
And inquired if she might stay and rest,
For being so very tired.

“What is the trouble, my good wife,
Is this your little boy?”

“Oh yes,” replied the mother sad,
“This is my only son.

I’ve fled from home, a beautiful home,
Far away in the sunny South,
They’ve sold my boy for a miserable slave,
To a trader who can’t be named.

And so I’m bound for refuge land,
Oh! how I long to see;
Where he shall learn the blessed truth,
Till he becomes a man.”

“Certainly, you shall stay to-night,
And, therefore, rest assured
That never a trader will enter my door,
To capture that brave little boy.”

“Thank you, thank you, a thousand times,”
Said Eliza, with a smile;

“But I must rise at break of day,
And be on the run again.

My master will be in full pursuit.
He saw me cross the ice,
But viewing the river from the water’s edge,
Would not attempt to cross.”

At break of day, Eliza awoke,
Without any breakfast prepared,
She rolled some bread in a napkin or two,
And was off on a journey again.

As soon as she reached the bordering line,
Her master was out of pursuit,
For this was the path that lead to the road,
Where freedom was ever found.

Alone she traveled through endless pain,
Alone through a solitary way,
But that great God had brought her safe,
And she murmured not a word.

So presently a sight beheld,
Which came to the weary child,
And the branching tree spread forth its shade,
For its welcome guest to pass.

Day after day she trudged along,
Hoping and wishing for home,
Oh God, she prayed both night and day
That she might soon be home.

Home at last, no more to roam,
As if borne by the floating breeze,
And sure enough a beautiful land
Appeared to the wandering child.

And there upon her bended knee,
She praised and thanked her God
For sparing her and her only son
From living a miserable slave.

Grandmama's Birthday.

ELLEN.

To-day is grandma's birthday.
Isn't it a lovely day?
I think she'll get a present,
For I heard what father said.

GRANDMA.

You did, my child, hear father say?
I wonder what it will be.
I'm glad that some one thinks of me,
Although I'm rather old.

ELLEN.

I always think of you, grandma,
But Mary often says
That I'm entirely for myself,
And never think of you.

GRANDMA.

Why, Ellen, I'm sure you do;
You always think of me.
Never mind what Mary says,
But do your work instead.

MARY.

Oh grandmamma, just look awhile,
Isn't this a beautiful dress?
I'm sure it's like the one Miss Susan made
For mamma the other day.

Here are the specks which papa has given;
Isn't it a wonderful pair?
Just see how they fit, with perfect ease,
From the nose clera back to ears.

GRANDMA.

Thank you, my dear; you are so wise,
To think of your grandmamma.
How glad I am to receive such a gift—
Just what I have often desired.

ELLEN.

Why isn't a velvet just as good
As that beautiful pair of specks;
For a dress like that will look so fine,
When made in the latest style.

GRANDMA.

Oh, my children, do not quarrel;
Grandma will look so well,
With those lovely specks and velvet dress,
Why, she'll be as young again.

MARY.

Hark! I hear the dinner bell.
Can that be mother's ring?
I think she's calling you, grandma.
Come, leave us be the first.

GRANDMA.

Stop your nonsense, Mary Ann,
Your mother is not there.
You'd better pick your stockings up,
And help your sister mend.
You know just what there is to do,
Without my talking so.
My days are few; it won't be long
Before I'll pass away.

MARY.

Grandma, you shouldn't talk
Of troubles far ahead.
You should be smiling and not scolding;
You will live to be quite old.

GRANDMA.

Yes, my dear, that's very true.
But you should bear in mind
That you are young, while I am old.
Your years have just begun.

ELLEN.

Oh, grandmamma, come, let us rest
Beneath those cheerful trees,
And watch the fishes in the brook,
They are so playful there.
What a delightful day it is,
To be in the nice, cool shade;
I hate to set indoors and sew.
I only like to play.

GRANDMA.

Why, Ellen, that will never do,
Why, you must learn to sew.
Your grandmamma, when she was young,
Could sew as good again.

ELLEN.

Indeed, I will not make a dress,
That is entirely too much fun;
I'll have my dresses sent away
To be made by other folks.

MARY.

Suppose you're poor and have no means,
Besides some children to feed,
Your little flock will have no clothes
Because you cannot sew.

ELLEN.

What do you mean by little flock,
You mean a flock of sheep?
Why, they don't need a dress at all,
They are already clothed.

GRANDMA.

Well, Miss Ellen, never mind
About the things you hate,
You'll some day have to eat dry bread,
And remember what you've said.

ELLEN.

Yes, Mary is always in a mood
For sewing or crocheting,
But I rather be in the balmy air,
And have a pleasant time.

GRANDMA.

Ellen, there's always time for play,
As you call a pleasant time,
And always time to read or sew,
If you learn to do things well.

MARY.

You are right, dear grandmamma,
 I've always found it so;
 I now feel happy that I've learned
 To do whate'er is right.

And, last of all, dear grandmamma,
 We say a kind good-night,
 For it is almost time for tea;
 I see mamma has come.

GRANDMA.

Thank you, dear, and Ellen, too;
 You both did very well.
 Be careful now that you don't fall;
 Those steps are pretty steep.

Tell mamma, when you go home,
 I was surprised, indeed;
 I hardly know just what to say,
 But I tell you each good-by.

Greenwood's Sunny Meadow.

Through the Greenwood's sunny meadow,
 How delightful to be there,
 No rude sound save but the streamlet,
 As she gently flows along.

See the lambs upon the hillside,
 By their shepherd's tender care,
 How they trample o'er the grasses,
 As they frolic down the hill.

Up and down the sunny meadows
 Daisies wander all alone,
 Blooming there with deep contentment,
 Fill the meadows everywhere.

And she smiles upon yon heaven,
 Nature is the queen of all.
 There's no palace like the meadow,
 When her lovely flowers appear.

For her toilets are of roses,
Rich in fragrance and in hue,
Blooming in her earthen vases,
Watered by the flowing stream.

See the glories of the morning,
How they climb among the trees,
Skipping o'er the tender grasses,
In the meadows everywhere.

Now the silver sails of evening
Gather in the western sky,
And the Greenwood's sunny meadows
Lay in silence everywhere.

Golden Days.

Jesus leads us through the way,
Though it may be dark.
Faith and hope bring brighter days
To the weary soul.

Ah! vain glory that appears,
Be not our inmost pride;
Far beneath thy heavenly sky,
Thy Master's eye is near.

Where'er we walk, the golden sun
Is shining on our way.
To those who try to do their best
Will surely gain reward.

But if we murmur or complain
About the horrid task,
Then our golden days are lost,
And rain-drops fall instead.

How in a transient stream there lies
Some evil and some good.
Wherein, the one who dives too deep,
Is surely lost or drowned.

So like all things that God creates—
Some evil and some good.
But, after all, 'twas made for man
To live, and to enjoy.

Life.

'Twas only a rose-bud that fadeth away,
In the twilight eve of a summer's day;
Whence all were aglow at the morn's first beam,
That shone around o'er the crystal stream.

Yes, only a rose-bud in the leafy shade,
Soon withers and falls to the earth again.
While life seems a vapor from the far-away shore,
Only to cherish these flowers of mine.

Ah! sweet maiden, canst thou but tell,
Where are the rose-buds thou lovest so well;
Are they blooming by the river's side,
Or parched and withered in the sands of time.

I know not whither the dead leaves blow,
When all were aglow in the bright sunny morn,
But as I tread through the winding path,
A soft wind sighs and the leaves have fell.

Then back o'er the old rustic woodland I tread,
And pause when I think of the good that have fled.
Like rosebuds they bloomed, though scarcely a while,
When the Angel of Death had called them to die.

Then, what is life but a rose-bud of time,
Blossoms in the morn, in the eve cast down,
While the years of toil within us roll,
Make only a passage to another world.

My Pretty Little Bird.

Where is your nest, my pretty little bird,
Hovering around my window sill,
Picking the crumbs that are scattered for you,
Dancing around on your two little feet.

My nest, said the bird, is high in the tree,
Where the storms do not trouble me,
Pee, dee, dee,
And through the bright sunshine,
I sing all the day,
Till winter shall come again, pee, dee, dee.

Then, off I shall fly to a warm, sunny clime,
Where the snow cannot fall on me,
Pee, dee, dee,
Then away, I will sing, through the bright, sunny day,
Till spring-time shall come again, pee, dee, dee.

Return of Spring.

We welcome you,
Thou balmy Spring,
For so many days have passed,
Since you have smiled
Upon earth's cold land,
And breathed your balmy air.

The great old elms
Are clothed in green,
With leaves of the richest hue,
And they nod and bend
In the breezy air,
Rejoiced to see the Spring.

And over the dell,
Where the cowslips bloom,
Beneath the shining sun,
The moss half-hidden
In the tall green grass,
Gives thanks to lovely Spring.

And over the way
A silver stream,
Surrounded by hills of green;
It ripples and murmurs,
As it flows along,
To welcome back the Spring.

The lark soars high
In the deep blue sky,
Over a world of greatest joy,
While the robin builds his cozy nest,
And chirps from tree to tree.

And over the meadow
Where the lambkins play
Among the flowers so-gay,
Where the shepherd tenderly
Delights to stray
In the beautiful, balmy Spring.

Then, lovely Spring,
Oh stay with us,
And fill the morning's air
With blossoms of the richest hue,
That dwell in the fragrant boughs.



Now, the Present Time.

Now, is a little word,
Yet it is plain and true ;
For three small letters printed there,
Means that time is near.

And when you hear a voice within,
That whispers soft and low,
Telling you of a Savior dear,
Now is the time to come.

Then do not argue with the mind,
But come out brave and strong,
And seek that everlasting peace
Which the world can never give.

Think of the world beyond the grave
Of mortals gone before,
And we in solemn footsteps tread ;
After those of whom we loved.

Then accept this little word,
And be ready with a will;
For another day may never come
To give our hearts to Him.

Christ loves those who linger not
But come out with His name,
And believe on Him, the only One
Who lived and died for thee.

Ruins of Time.

Oh how the time is ruined
In more than a hundred ways;
Spending it in idleness,
Without the slightest refrain.

By some, 'tis spent in folly,
From the very break of day
Until the evening closes,
With that little word, I can't.

Others, who live in slumbers
And the folding of the hands,
Till she's past some future treasure,
And death alone remains.

There are others who live in darkness,
In the very cells of life,
Who never know about their God,
Nor the fields of heaven above.

Then let us rise from slumbers,
Or worldly folliness,
And think of our immortal soul,
In a life that's yet to come.

Star of Bethlehem.

Ob, Star of Bethlehem,
Whose wondrous light,
Shone in her radiant
Pillow of night,
Gazed on the fields,
Where the still night lay,
Shining in glory
O'er Bethlehem's plain.

Gayly the shepherds
Were tending their flocks,
When the star of great wonder
Appeared in their sight,
Which told of a Savior;
A little babe
Was born in a manger
On Bethlehem's plain.

Gladly the wise men
Followed the star,
Bearing treasures of gold,
Frankincense and myrrh,
The people rejoiced, the angels sang,
For a Ruler was born
In the land of Judea.

Then, Star of Bethlehem,
We thank thee for light,
We thank our Redeemer
For the blessings of life,
The whole world was lost,
If it were not for Thee,
Who was born in a manger,
In the land of Judea.

St. Elmo's Dream.

I dreamed that I saw a maiden
Whose beauty was like the morn,
With voice as clear as a crystal,
As she stood by the cottage door.

The leaves, how they waved above her,
When she gathered the wild flowers fair,
With their tall, slender branches to hide me,
Alone near the pathway below.

Yet, never a look did she give me,
For I stood where the wild flowers grow,
With their tall, slender branches to hide me,
Alone near the pathway below.

There I stood, by the pathway, and listened,
For the maiden was singing so gay ;
How I fretted and longed to be with her,
And join in that musical lay.

But my heart was sad, and I murmured,
That a maiden as happy as she,
With only a plain little cottage,
Could be more happy than me.

While I, though my riches are many,
I'm never contented as she,
With only a plain little cottage,
But a voice full of musical glee.

Then, Oh how I long to be with her,
And join in that happy, sweet song,
But the leaves only nod in the breezes,
And she heareth not a word of the plea.

If I only could walk where the roses,
Climb by the old cottage door,
I would say to the maiden, "Good morning,"
And then be happy again.

But I woke from my slumber in darkness,
And found it was only a dream;
But I fancied that I saw the sweet maiden,
When I stood by the pathway alone.

Thoughts of Childhood.

When thoughts of childhood
Present to the mind,
And the faded eye-sight
Has passed his time,
Then the quivering lips
Are heard to say,
Once I was young, but now I am old.

Many a day of long ago
Has crept into my feeble mind,
When to school I used to trot,
In the happy days gone by.

Through the fields I used to roam,
When the skies were bright above,
Seeking there the daisy wild,
In the sunny days gone by.

Often through the groves I've strayed,
Spending hours of the brighter day
Watching the rill, as it flowed along,
Singing its murmuring song so low.

In the evening shade, so cool,
How I've sat and pondered deep,
Thinking, when a man I grew,
A lawyer was the charm for me.

But, when the years crept at my door,
Not a sound of the lawyer's call ;
For my childhood days have passed,
When I was young, but now I am old.

What regrets of long ago
Have crept into our feeble mind.
What I should do, or what I should be,
When I was young, but now I am old.

What money will buy those golden days?
When the bloom of childhood fresh and fair,
The trouble and sorrows, he knows it not
When he is young, but now he is old.

Three score and ten allotted to man—
Twice a child and once a man—
But when those years are fully passed,
Never again will the veil roll back.

Sunbeams.

Sunbeams, through the door not peep ;
Baby dear is fast asleep ;
Shadows of the evening steal
Around his little bed.

Now the night is coming on,
Angels are watching around us all,
Sees and knows whate'er we do,
And our pains and griefs within.

Little child, remember this,
That our Father watches, too,
Guides His little lambs aright,
When into the paths they trod.



Song of a Seamstress.

Sew, sew, sew!
From slumber awake, to begin
The toils of the day,
That a seamstress contends
With the noise and drawl of machine.

Sew, sew, sew!
With thimble, needle and thread.
Basting and cutting,
Cutting and basting,
Till fingers are weary of toil.

Sew, sew, sew!
From the very depths below,
In poverty's song
There is never a charm,
But miserable notes of woe.

Sew, sew, sew!
How the bells in the steeple toll,
And respond to the call,
Their notes in full song,
While a seamstress is busy at hand.

Sew, sew, sew!
Till the eyes grow heavy and dim ;
I sit here alone,
Through the mid-summer day,
Applying my needle and thread.

Sew, sew, sew !
 If I were only a man,
 I would sail on the sea,
 And never return
 Where a seamstress is busy at hand.
 Sew, sew, sew !
 From dawn till the evening tide;
 I think I have finished,
 But, looking around,
 I still find another to do.
 Sew, sew, sew !
 A woman is never through,
 And if she has finished
 Her daily task,
 She still finds another to do.

Once More We Stand.

Once more we stand,
 A united host,
 Proud as our great
 Atlantic coast.
 No longer the trumpet
 Sound proclaims ;
 Freedom or death
 Awaits you here.
 For the sound of the war-whoop—
 That bloody chaise—
 Shall echo no more
 O'er the field of the slain.
 Nor the troops, in great splendor,
 O'er the battle fields stand,
 Waiting, impatient,
 For the voice of command.

Let glory abound o'er
This broad sweeping land,
Like the bird of the mountain
Who floats in the air,
Whose banner shall wave
O'er the land of the free,
Who fought in the ranks
Of a noble career.

Think of the dying
Who fell in the strife,
For the sake of their country,
So noble and grand ;
No warning of danger
Lay deep in their hearts,
For a true, noble spirit,
Was victory or death.

Then, proud America,
Whose waters divide,
Whose bold Rocky Mountains
Stupendously stand,
Shall gather no more
O'er her broad, sweeping land,
Her millions of madmen
To slay and to kill.

What Fancy Sees.

Ah! behold the night so dreary,
Not a star yet to be seen,
While the drizzling rain comes pouring,
Pitter-patter, down my pane.

Oh, how often did the sunshine,
Use to steal across my pane,
Casting, here and there, a sunbeam,
Making shadows on the wall.

Then it was, when Uncle Billy
Used to lead the cows to drink,
Far away upon the pasture;
How they followed up the hill!

And I hear old Billy calling
That the cows are in the corn,
Tramping down what isn't ripe,
All the seed which he has sown.

What's the use of Billy's calling?
Can't he drive the cows away?
Look at Charley in the window,
Soon he'll fall and break his head.

Oh what trouble are these children;
How I wish that they were asleep,
Always 'round their mother's apron,
Coming in and out the door.

While the dinner I am getting
For the hands upon the farm.
There! I hear old Billy coming
With the butter he has churned.

Though it is but a fancy vision,
While I sit alone and think
That my children have all scattered,
Since I lived upon the farm.

And the drizzling rain keeps beating,
Pitta pat, against the pane.
How I wish to join the angels,
With my children of the farm!

*The Wind and the Rose.*A FABLE.

The Wind said to the Rose one day,
"Suppose we take a sail,
And glide o'er the forest and through the
Dell, and see old Mother Well."

The Rose turned to the Wind and said,
"I will never leave my home,
For who would moisten my pretty leaves,
If I should go with you?"

"I will moisten your pretty leaves,
And carry you over the isles,
To place you in that beautiful dell,
Beneath the smiling sun."

The Rose wouldn't listen
To the Wind's reply,
But raised her drooping head,
And boldly said,
"I will never leave,
So you might as well be gone."

"What is the reason you dislike to go?
That is a beautiful dell,
The flowers are lovely, the birds are singing,
What more can beauty see?"

"Oh yes," said the Rose, "that may be true,
But I prefer to stay,
My home is plain, under the peaceful shade,
I will never, never leave."

“But do you not know that I am strong,
 What a powerful hand I hold ;
 Why, I am able to move a stone,
 Much less a rose like you.”

So then he blew a heavy gale,
 Which sent her high in the air,
 And when she fell to the earth once more,
 She lay like a withered rag.

The moral of this story is,
 That children must never talk
 To strangers whom they meet elsewhere,
 Lest for a moment they be deceived.



Th? American Eagle.

Over mountains thy wings have fanned,
 Through fields of the cold, thin air ;
 Far away o'er thy sweeping land,
 Thy wanderer sails along.

Amid the song which is heard afar,
 From thy fellow-bird so gay,
 Flapping his wings o'er a sheltered nest
 Within some rocky cliff.

And far above, o'er the ocean deep,
 Thy weary feet have fled,
 While through the mists of the blackest night,
 Far miles and miles away.

When shall thy wings become weary of toil,
 O'er thy world of airy speed ?
 When shall thou find a pleasant home
 Beneath thy heavenly sky ?

Oh bird of prey, thy nest shall be
Where the peaceful waters flow,
And where the lily loves to bathe
Within its crystal brink.
So He who watches from on high,
Can guide each wandering step;
He feeds the birds through the boundless air,
And clothes the lilies in white.

The Dude and Miss Maria.

Once upon a Sabbath morn
A dude passed along the way,
And doffed his hat to Miss Maria,
A maid within a square.
Maria's face a crimson bore,
She knew not what to say,
For this was really the first in life
That Maria had caught a beau.
A beau, indeed, for this queer old maid,
For she seldom caught a glance,
And if a fellow did chance to spy,
She was ever in a sad affair.
She somewhat favored the gentle dude,
Because he dressed so neat,
And invited him to call on her
Some evening in the week.
So, Tuesday eve the dude arrived
And called for Miss Maria,
With his gold-headed cane and beaver black,
He made a graceful bow.
"Why, Miss Maria, how lovely you look.
This beautiful twilight eve,
Your curls decorated with roses red,
Your tiny slippers so gay."

“Can this be true!” Maria exclaimed,
As she wiped the tears away.
While over and over she pondered well,
Then said, “of course its true.”

And now the tears were washed away,
No trace of them remained,
For hope and love now looked so bright,
Because the dude had called.

The dude went home with a smile or two,
To think how silly she was,
To believe that he was really in love
With a maid of sixty-five.

So the following week Maria set out
To purchase a handsome dress,
A necklace of diamonds of the rarest kind,
To wear on her wedding day.

The day was set, the news was spread
In the village of Miss Maria,
And every hope looked forth so bright,
As it never did before.

The village houses were full of guests
From the neighboring cities around,
But no one dreamt that Miss Maria
Would marry a foolish dude.

For Miss Maria was very old,
And in her younger days
Her face was long and wrinkled up,
And her hair combed very straight.

But lo, the bell in the steeple tolled,
Each wondering guest arrived
To view the bride and lovely dude
Be married this afternoon.

Great heavens, said one
What a wonderful scheme,
I really don't believe,
I'm sure Miss Maria
Would have more sense
Than to marry a foolish dude.

But just that moment the pastor came,
Who took his favorite seat,
Waiting and watching for the bride and groom
To make their solemn vows.

But alas, alas! they never came,
A sad delay met they;
The bride was ready and waited for him
Till the evening passed away.

The minister rose from where he sat,
And repeated the sad delay;
After singing a psalm, and a prayer or two,
Dismissed in peace with all.

The second day of Miss Maria
Was very sad to her,
For she complained of a fever high,
Had gathered in her head.

But nothing serious, I suppose,
But a disappointed maid,
For those who act as silly as she
Deserve the same in end.

The lawyers had a sweet affair
Of the dude and Miss Maria;
The dude of which a heavy fine
Was charged by his intended bride.

So, after all, there isn't much fun,
For falling in love too soon,
'Tis better to be a maid for life
Than to be fooled in this way by a dude.

The Chimney Sweep.

One sad, cold day a chimney-sweep
Came knocking at the door,
His face was black, though a voice so sweet,
For a cheerful heart he bore.

"What do you wish?" the lady replied,
As she peeped through the half-open door:
"I wish your chimney to sweep," said he,
And carelessly nodded his curls.

"My chimney to sweep?" the lady exclaimed,
"Oh no, you are too small,
I wish a larger boy than you
Who will sweep my chimney clean."

The little fellow soon hung his head,
And answered in a clear, sweet tone,
"My father was lost in the home of the deep,
So I take his place instead."

"What a brave little boy!" and, as she spoke,
Her eyes were filled with tears:
She knew it was very wrong, indeed,
To refuse that brave little sweep.

"Yes, you may have my chimney to sweep,
And whatever you want, besides:
I love to see a brave little man,
Although you're but a child."

So, quickly through the halls of red,
The little sweep was led,
Until he found his way, so steep,
Within those palace walls.

There he was left quite to himself.

With nothing else to fear.

Far down below were lovely toys.

As children love to have.

Yet, the little sweep never stopped to think.

Of the beautiful toys below,

But kept his mind so busy engaged

That he hadn't a moment to spare.

And when his daily task was o'er.

As she was pleased to see,

That everything was in its place.

As when she left before.

A handsome gift thus he received,

For being an honest lad.

With smiles of joy and heart so light.

He trudged away for home.

And when he reached the cottage door.

His mother, glad to see—

“Oh mother, I've some news to tell.

Of the chimney I swept to-day.”

His mother rejoiced when she heard the news,

And found a handsome reward.

No longer she suffered for want of fire.

Or a penny to buy some bread.

For the cottage frame was fitted up.

In the very best of style.

And the little boy was sent to school

Till he became a man.

The Bell.

Ring, ring! thou doleful bell,
Through the ages chime thee well.
I canst but hear thy echoes roll,
In lofty accents far above.

Oh! when the winter's chilly blast
Breaks o'er thy steep so grand,
And covers deep thy pale, sweet forms,
That once were like the summer's morn.

Ah! did I hear that solemn tread,
Of footsteps marching to the grave,
While lo! the sound came to my ear
Of sweetest music tolled for thee.

Of souls that cherished ouce to die,
Leave only a token, far behind,
That others through this vale of tears,
Shall tread the same dark, narrow way.

Where wealth and fame in beauty stood,
Each, hand in hand, of cheerful mood.
No wistful thought beyond the grave,
Till that sweet bell had chimed away.

Oh, sailor, did thou cease to hear,
Just when those chimes were ringing clear,
Nor asked from whence its music came,
Till its sweet tone had died away.

Then ring, ring! sweet bell of peace,
Through many a morn or sunny eve,
Oh, how I'd love to hear thee roll,
In lofty accents far above.

The Battle Fields.

Over battle fields we've trod,
Where the wounded soldiers lay,
Thousands scattered, here and there,
Through the battle fields so red.

For our hearts so often seen
Through those battlements of war,
When the tempest rage was o'er,
Left our loved ones lying there.

Forth to battle we were called ;
Not a soul would dare to pause,
For he loved his country dear,
And his blood was shed for thee.

How the voices swelled the breeze
When a glorious victory won,
And the rocket's fearful glare,
Piercing through the summer air.

And the enemy madly rushed,
Through the fields he once did spy,
Gaining there, on either side,
Captives of the fearful tribe.

Often have we trudged along
Through the battle fields of war,
Bearing neither food nor drink,
Piercing through the summer heat.

But when the battle rage was o'er,
How the clouds began to roll,
Threatening o'er the bloody fields,
While the lifeless lay beneath.

Oh those battle fields of war,
No more thy weary feet shall fall,
For they are sleeping side by side,
Where the peaceful waters glide.

The Church Bell

Hark ! I hear the evening bell,
As it rings from yonder dell,
Sending forth its sweetest toll,
Over hills and valleys roll.

'Tis the church bell that you hear
Over by the village mill,
Loud and strong it ever rings,
In the morn and dewy eve.

Often have I climbed the hill,
With my playful lamb set free,
And the sexton's voice I heard,
As he stood beside the door.

Oh, it seemed a glorious day !
Ne'er to part from me again,
Seeds of kindness that were sown
In my days of happy youth.

Eager eyes have often gazed,
In the midst of hill or vale,
When those peaceful echoes rolled,
Sending forth its joyful toll.

Yes, it is the old church bell
That you hear so full and free ;
Londer rings its joyful sound,
In the morn and dewy eve.

The Church Yard Gate.

The snow lay heavy and deep
Upon the church-yard gate.
And the wind he blew a misty sound
Across the trodden path.

There were sleigh-bells ringing gay,
Who passed the church-yard gate,
For this was the time to coast and slide
Upon the snowy track.

As soon as the gate flew open
By that mysterious wind,
It closed again, with a heavy bang,
Against the iron fence.

How lonely and sad, one night,
When the moon rose, early and bright,
To think of our loved ones lying there,
All covered with the glistening snow.

But when the snows were gone
And the flowers began to bloom,
Then every tree looked forth so bright,
Within the church-yard gate.

And the mounds within the church-yard
Were scattered, far and near,
With the fragrant flowers of Summer
On the little graves so dear.

The Dying Christian.

Speak! Oh speak, for I am waiting,
Speak, for I am with you still,
While the turbulent water rises,
Along its broad and shallow bank.

And the dying man lay conscious,
Conscious, that he knew it well;
Soon his friends and wife around him,
Ne'er would speak to him again.

For the moments like the clock-ticks,
Gaining faster more and more;
Till the spirit, life eternal,
Passes to a brighter world.

Yet there was a smile about him,
As a light was shining there,
Glancing o'er the friends about him
And his wife who stood beside.

Then he turned and faintly uttered,
"Mary, will you, when I'm gone,
Promise to lay me near the brookside,
Where the cooling waters sigh?"

"Yes, my dear, you shall be buried
Where the roses tread the path,
Where the sky is bright above you,
And the willow silent weeps.

And those sparkling eyes forever,
Closed in silence once to part;
Yet they will not sleep forever,
But will wake and live again."

The Evening Shadow.

Softly glides the evening shadow;
Softly flows the evening tide;
Blending o'er life's peaceful waters
Starry pinion of the night.

See the western hills a-gleaming,
Gleaming with the setting sun;
While the silver sails beyond her,
Steal across the sunny sky.

Safely through the burrs and grasses,
Robins seek their quiet nests,
Birds and flowers now are sleeping
Through the long and starry night.

So the eagle of the mountain
Vainly seeks a sheltered nest,
From the stormy billows dashing,
Where the peaceful waters flow.

And the gentle breezes murmur,
As they fan among the leaves,
While the stars in beauty glimmer,
Piercing through the Summer sky.

The Day is Past and Gone.

The day is past and gone,
The night comes gliding on;
And the hours of men are past away,
Like the waves of the ocean tide.

But soon we'll pass away,
From this dark world of sin,
Where there shall be forever light,
One bright eternal day.

The Geranium.

Close by a mossy hill-side
A fair Geranium grew ;
Her petals wore a crimson red,
Her leaves were bright and fair.
And there she bloomed almost alone,
Half-hidden by a bush.
The stars that peeped, the birds that sang,
Gazed on that lovely queen.
No gentle hand to cut the thorns,
Which tried to hide her view ;
But the morning sun which shone abroad,
Beamed brighter than before.
And, thus, the bush of wicked thorns,
In course of time, was dry :
For not a drop of rain had fell
Since they were planted there.
So, one fine morn, when the dew drops fell,
That wicked bush was gone,
And close beside that mossy hill :
The fair Geranium shone.
The moral of this story is
That when we grow too tall,
And try to hide our neighbor's view,
We'll be the first to fall.

The Old Cobbler.

In a little country village,
Not many miles away,
There lived 'an old cobbler,
Who mended old shoes.
In his little, musty room,
He sat there alone,
With a hammer and an awl
And a great box of leather.
There, stitch after stitch,
Until weary he grew,
The noble old cobbler
Sat busy at work.
He hammered and sewed,
With busy care,
On a pair of old boots,
So ragged and torn.
What a beautiful day
To be taking a walk,
Instead of sewing here
At a pair of old boots.
"To be sure," said the cobbler,
"There's a great deal to do
Before I can venture
To take a stroll."
Then, all of a sudden,
He looked up, and smiled,
At the clock on the wall,
Just striking five.
He thought to himself,
Well, now I'll be through
With these great old boots,
So ragged and torn.

So the cobbler worked,
Through that bright, sunny day.
In his little old room,
So musty and dim.
A rap at the door,
And who should it be
But old Uncle Joe,
Who paid him well
For the shoes he had done.



The Morning Dew.

Whither, amidst the falling dew,
That falls from the distant sky,
And sprinkles the drooping flowers
That bloom in the vale below.
As the dawn of early light
Steals upon the drooping flowers,
They awake from their quiet repose,
So fresh from the morning dew.
The birds sing from the tree-tops
Their glad songs of praise
To Him who sent the sparkling dew,
So far, from the distant sky.
Then let us rise, at early morn,
And be in the balmy air,
Or wander over the hills, so green,
Refreshed from the morning dew.

The Old Year.

Swiftly run the hands of time,
As the old year dies to-night.
Round and round, each changeless day,
Marks the flight of another's reign.

When around a cheerful blaze,
Thoughts may wander far and near,
Days of sunshine, days of rain,
The old year buries them all away.

Days of danger crept around thee,
While the night of shadow lay,
Leaving there her heavy burden,
Bearing sorrow to the soul.

One more evening doth appear,
With her toils and cares of day,
One more thought brings back again,
That the old year is no more.

Yes, the old year dies with many,
Leaving all their treasures bright,
Many days have passed in labor,
Since the old year first begun.

Faster glides the midnight hour,
Faster falls the glistening snow;
Oh what joy there brings to-morrow,
That the old year is no more.

While the weary lay in slumber,
Silence reigns most everywhere.
Hark! I hear the church-bell ringing
Farewell to the glad old year.

The Pilgrims.

One stormy day in the Autumn tide,
The May-Flower band arrived.
They took possession of the land
Where the solid rock was found.

They went to work that stormy day,
And built themselves a hut,
For they determined to live in peace,
And serve for God alone.

They brought their children to this land
From a hard and stormy shore,
That they might raise their little flock
Where the fields of freedom lie.

And oh what thanks they gave to God
For the many years they've spent,
And now they reached a goodly land
To live in peace once more.

But alas when lovely Spring arrived
A sad disease met they.
Which took away some thirty men
From that little band so dear.

Yet not a murmur or complaint
From those dear hearts so true,
For they determined, if all should die,
To live in peace once more.

The Rosebine Woodland.

Down by the rosebine woodland,
Back o'er the fragrant hills,
Dearer than dreams or of dreamers,
Sweeter to a roamer's ear.

There in that glowing woodland,
Scattered near the flowing rill,
Roses and the graceful lily
Blooming in the quiet shade.

Oh! for its glowing waters—
Melts every heart that hears,
Songs of the birds and divers,
As they sink in the silver brook.

Bright are the skies above her,
Pure is the zephyr breeze,
Filled with the fragrant odors
That dwell near the mossy bank.

Gay are our hearts in the woodland,
To tread for the wild flowers fair,
Seeking there among nature
The purest and brightest to wear.

And over that beautiful woodland
Shading the lovely below,
Branches who wave in great splendor,
In beauty and silence for thee.

Then down by the rosebine woodland,
Sweeter to the roamer's ear,
Happy to the poet, who fancies
That he sees it afar in a dream.

The Queer Old Maids.

Near Council Bluffs

Lived two old maids,

Who dwelt in a country frame.

They built their fires,

Cooked their meals,

And made a call each day.

Thus, these old maids

Were very queer

And lived almost alone,

If one should go for

An evening drive

The other was always glad.

So through the roads

The two were seen,

In sometimes rain or shine.

They loved to breathe

The morning's air,

And feel the chilly frost.

They hated balls, and parties too,

They were such dreadful things,

To have young people enjoy themselves,

Which they called very rude.

But to the chapel they would go,

And after church was over

Would linger there an hour or two,

Until the sexton came.

Far better still they loved to go

To funerals every day.

They watched the papers, day by day,

The death-roll first to see.

And when the paper man had come,
How happy would they be,
That some poor soul, once dear to them,
Perhaps was dead and gone.

So, they read of Joseph Smith,
Who lived about the hill,
For many years a naturalist,
Now has passed away.

Quickly hiring a rockaway,
And o'er the bounding fields,
The two old maids, with sunburnt face,
Went speeding to the grave.

Another time, a stranger near,
Who met with sudden death,
And never saw, while in his life,
These two old sister maids.

Yet they would go, in spite of all,
To have a funeral ride.
" 'Tis always right," they often said,
"To show the dead respect."

And every time a death occurred
These two old maids were seen
In front or rear of the solemn train—
They ne'er refused to go.

People wondered why these maids
Loved a funeral so.
They left their work and dinner, too,
To have a funeral ride.

Through winter snows or summer hail,
These queer old maids would say,
"Come, get ready, Susan Ann,
Old Uncle Dan is dead."

But alas, one day
They chance to hear
That Peter Joe had died,
And off they went, without a word,
To the sad old cottage frame.
And as they drove to the cottage door,
Old Pete was well and strong.
He was surprised to see the maids
So early in the morn.
“Why, alive and well!”
Exclaimed the maids,
“We heard that you were dead,
And have come away
From a bit of bread,
So sorry to hear the news.”
“Well, do not fear,” said Peter Joe.
“Mary shall be my bride,
And then we three shall have a ride
To funerals every day.
So off they drove, and never spoke
To Peter Joe, so strong,
But murmured and regretted much
That Peter Joe was well.

The Silver Moon.

Silver moon, so bright and clear,
As a ruddy, fiery ball,
Rise and shine o'er this world of ours,
In the beautiful sky above.

When the clouds before you roll,
As to gather for a storm,
Soon they quickly roll away,
Leaving you to shine so fair.

Silver moon, so bright and fair,
Where are you roving, this lovely night?
Over the hills and the valleys green,
Over the bright and crystal stream.

Then over the sea, thou lovely moon,
Gazing down on the waters of blue,
Through the clear and breezy air,
Shining forth so bright and fair.

Work While the Sun Shines.

Work while the sun shines,
Lest darkness should overcome;
For blessed is he that worketh
In the beautiful dawn of life.

Work while the sun shines,
When troubles o'er you roll,
It will fill your heart with gladness
And bring a brighter day.

Work while the sun shines,
 No matter how the task may be;
 For nothing you find that's easy
 In this great world so wise.

Then work while the sun shines,
 And be a soldier true,
 Like the Father of our Country,
 Great noble patriot.

The Temperance Flag.

Stand up, stand up,
 For temperance true;
 Fear not what others say;
 There's death in those
 Who tarry long and woe to those who sell.

Stand up, stand up,
 For temperance true,
 There's many a soul to save
 Out from the dramshop's wretched gloom,
 To heaven's bright home above.

Stand up, stand up,
 For temperance true; be grateful for the strife,
 For the glorious work, to reach a soul
 And bring it out of gloom.

The Turk and the Knight.

On Gobi's sandy desert, stand
The Turk and his iron bay,
He halts the step of his weary stay
Upon the sandy plain.

The Turk awaited to see the Knight,
Who was clad in his armor strong,
And greeted the Turk with a sneering smile,
Within his guarded tent.

"What have you come for?" uttered the Knight,
"Do you wish to take my place
And leave me out on the plains to starve
Within the storms of sand?"

"Nay, my friend," repeated the Turk,
"I was sent by Officer Gray,
That I may ask a favor of you,
As a place in the Soldiers' Home."

"Pray, my friend, who's Officer Gray,
That you speak in favor so?
Was he here on the great highway,
To escape from the storms of war?"

"Oh no, brave comrade, that's not he.
Do not offend me so;
For he has been a friend to me
In times of the greatest need."

"Ha, ha!" repeated the laughing Knight,
"I do not know the man.
There's nothing remarkable which I can see
That makes him a friend to you."

“Then, if he is friend of yours,
Why not a favor grant,
Instead of sending you to me,
Away on this sandy plain.”

“Because he has a smaller fund,
And a great many men to pay,
While you have only to oversee
The soldiers about you here.”

“Well, what of that,” replied the Knight,
“Haven’t I as many demands?
But I see no way of getting off
On this simple question of yours.

“What position can you withhold
Among the soldiers here?
Can you rise at early morn
And lead the camels to drink?”

“Oh yes,” said the Turk, “I’m used to that,
Away on these sandy plains,
And never a moment will I rise too late
To do an honest deed.”

“Well, here’s a paper, which I have kept,
Far away from America’s shore,
Stating that the earliest bird
Is out before the dew.

“And so, my friend, I should see you,
At the sounding of the bell,
Be ready to lead the camels to drink,
Whichever the order may be.”

So, bidding the Knight a farewell eve,
He promised to be in time.
So, the Knight and he were friends at last,
Away on that sandy plain.

The Snow Shower.

See, the snow is falling fast
From the chilly clouds, so grey,
And soon will cover the trees and flowers
With her fleecy garments of white.
Faster and faster the flakes flow down,
Powdering the frozen ground,
While the snow-birds chirp and flutter around,
Or hop about in the snow.
Beautiful flakes from the frozen cloud,
How they hover about in the air,
As if they were trying to play bo-peep,
Away from their chilly sky.
Over the meadows the frozen snow,
Beneath the hanging clouds
Not a sound is heard through the tingling ears,
Save the sight of the beautiful snow.
And over the forest a bugle sounds,
From the huntsman hand, so brave,
Chasing the rabbit, from tree to tree,
Away o'er the glistening snow.
Oh, beautiful snow from the frozen cloud,
How you powder the trees and flowers,
And cover the graves of the good and dear
With your fleecy garment of white.

The Wind.

Oh, sing me a song, thou cold whistling wind,
Oh sing, while the stars shine above,
The roses are gone, and the sweet violet;
There's nothing to cheer my poor heart.

Oh sing for the Winter, while on his great tour,
Is coming as fast as can be,
The brooks will soon cease their sweet murmuring hymn,
The snow flakes will answer instead.

Then sing to the aged, sing to the poorest,
Sing for the Summer is o'er.
A dear one has left us in Summer's bright sunshine,
To moan in the Winter's cold breeze.

Oh what does he say when the skies are so drear,
And the birds have all fled from the trees,
Remember the poor; remember, my child,
Always remember the poor.

And this he proclaims through the cold winter's day,
When the skies are so heavy and grey,
While the flowers are asleep in their cold sodden beds,
And the hills are all covered in white.

Then, sing me a song, thou cold, whistling wind;
Oh sing, while the stars shine above—
I feeleth the cold and heareth the sound,
But canst not tell whither you come.

The Waves.

Break, break, thou restless waves
Break o'er the ocean's foam,
Thou canst o'ercome the heaviest gale,
Though storms of a breaker's roar.
Higher and higher ye waves roll on,
As clouds have gathered from heaven,
And that their waters come pouring down
In a vast, tremendous basin.
How the sound of the sea rides over the waves,
As they rise and fall, with a dash,
They beat away with a tremendous force
Against thy cold grey rocks.
Then smaller and smaller ye waves become
When the ebb of tide floated near,
And the rocking billows had ceased to roll
Across thy great blue sea.
Again thy rocking waves commence,
Which is heard for miles away,
Splash after splash, they never cease
All through the mid-night gloom.
And far away from thy distant shore
They dash against some ship.
"She's lost! she's lost!" the captain cries.
No hand to reach her there.
Roll on, roll on, ye breaking waves,
With all thy mighty power,
And send thy waters of silvery grey
Up near the beautiful sky.

The Village Scene.

Just over the hill-side,
A quaint old village stood,
With its tall and mighty towers,
Almost pointing to the sky.

And though the little cabins
Were plain in their attire,
Lived some of the best of people
That dwell in any frame.

The little social gatherings
Met once or twice a week,
At each one's little cabin,
With hearts of great delight.

While through its deep green meadow,
A silver brooklet ran,
Bathing the tall white lilies
That grew along its bank.

Then over to the pasture
Went Old Rover, the dog,
To watch his yoke of cattle
Under the leafy shade.

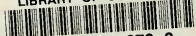
And when the evening cometh,
The cows were driven home.
With faithful Rover by their side,
They followed, one by one.

Then over by the hill-side
This quaint old village stands,
With its tall and mighty towers
That almost reached the sky.





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